Continuations from my Halloween prompts

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21435013.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz & Bedelia Du Maurier
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier, Beverly Katz, Abigail Hobbs, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Witchcraft, Reapers, Demon Deals, Attempt at Humor, Idiots in Love, Cannibalism, Alternate Universe - Ghosts, Minor Character Death, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Prompt Fills
Stats:	Published: 2019-11-14 Words: 4,969 Chapters: 4/4

Continuations from my Halloween prompts

by DrJLecter

Summary

Okay, so I reread my Halloween prompts from last year and suddenly my muses kicked in full force and demanded I continue some of those ficlets.

So here are sequels to:

Scythe
Demon
Witch's Brew
Trick or Treat

I really suggest you read all of them before starting these because otherwise none of this makes much sense. Sorry D:

Notes

I gift these little ones to Dev and Vic, just because :3

Thank you Llew for checking them over and erasing my worst mistakes! All remaining ones are my own because of course I do last minute changes while uploading. As usual :')

This is a continuation from the Halloween prompt fic Scythe. Definitely read before this, or it doesn't make any sense.

Scythe Continued

“Go away.”

Will was annoyed. He did not need the other Reaper to annoy him even more.

Hannibal stepped out of the darkest shadows, smoothly circling around the dozen naked bodies arranged on the floor.

“It’s quite fascinating, isn’t it? The imagination some of these humans have.”

“If you mean aggravating, then yes. I can imagine better things than coming out here every other day because this man added another body to his colour collection.”

He leaned on his scythe with a sigh, waiting for the one in front him him to finally die under the cover of wax on his skin.

“Oh yes? What would that be? Standing in a building waiting for someone to die? Sitting on a bench waiting for someone to die?”

Will frowned. The tone hasn’t been mocking, but the words definitely were.

“How come you have the time to follow me around? You must have the same feeling pulling you to the next person about to die.” Will had been wondering about that for a while now. If he ignored an imminent death for too long the pressure behind his eyes got so strong that he could barely think straight until he finally gave in and collected the soul. Not that he’d tried that very often. So how come Hannibal could stand here, relaxed and unconcerned?

“Have you ever wondered why you’re doing what you’re doing? Or what would happen if you just don’t do it? Who decides which soul you have to reap? Who creates new Reapers?”

“No. And why should I? It’s not as if it would change anything.” Will was really starting to get impatient now. Could this man please die already so he could leave?

Hannibal had stepped through some of the bodies to stand next to him. He was wearing another suit than the last time, which makes it about a dozen different suits Will had seen on him now. Not that he kept count or paid attention to it or anything.

Suddenly Hannibal kicked the man clinging to his life. His foot went right through the body, but his astral touch pushed the soul right out of it, immediately ending the struggle for life and leaving the dead man’s pale ghost rolling two feet away, gasping and flailing in surprise.

“What the fuck, Hannibal?!” Will stared in shock.

Hannibal looked smug and entirely too pleased with himself.

“I simply sped up the process. He would have died anyway; I just helped him along to end his suffering.”

Will looked down at the ghost with wide eyes, while the ghost stared at himself, then at his surroundings and finally up to Will and Hannibal.

“What the hell, man?! What’s this weird shit supposed to be?!”

“You’re dead,” Hannibal said and then turned to Will. “You should cut him off, so we can go.”

Will looked at him. “We? What do you mean by Go. Where are we going? I’m not going with you.”

“If my calculations are right, I just helped you to clear at least 7 minutes off your schedule where you have nothing to do before the next death on your list. So I want you to come with me. I want to show you something.”

Will opened his mouth, but hesitated. Hannibal was right. The pressure behind his eyes was barely there. He looked down and with a quick swing of his scythe he severed the last thread and the ghost vanished.

“Splendid. Shall we?” And with that he reached out to Will and a moment later Will emerged in a kitchen.

He stumbled at the sudden displacement and gripped a counter in front of him.

“You can’t just, how did you even do that? Where are we??”

“In my kitchen.”

“In your…. what?” Will stood there and stared while Hannibal let his suit jacket vanish and opened the fridge to take out things.

“We don’t have much time. I still wonder how you never questioned your task and the circumstances around your existence.”

Will closed his eyes for a moment and then he sat down on one of the barstools in front of the kitchen island, his heart giving a painful thud. Hannibal gave him an approving look before starting to heat up pots and pans.

He had questioned his existence. His purpose. His task. Who or what guided him. Where the souls went once he cut them loose from their mortal hull. So many questions.

It was in early days. There had been barely a few hundred primal humans, barely more than primates, on the whole planet and Will had had a lot of time to roam the earth, watch nature and evolution happen right in front of his eyes.

He’d gotten his answers in the end. They were probably still visible on some cave walls or temple ruins, put there by shamans and holy people who got into contact with the next plane of existence by smoking weird herbs and mushrooms.

Will sighed. Hannibal was so very young. It was barely a century he'd spent on this planet helping people go home. Will decided to let Hannibal search and find his own answers. In the meantime, Will would let him do whatever he wanted, learn his own lessons, accept his fate. A change to his own routine would do him some good.

A plate was put in front of him and only now did he realize how good everything around him smelled. Winston popped up next to him, tail wagging, tongue lolling out.

Hannibal made a disapproving noise, but Will glared at him and dared him to say something.

The food was delicious.

The tug at the back of his mind became noticeable, but Will decided a few more moments wouldn't hurt. He was sure Hannibal would appreciate it. Death could wait for just a bit longer this time.

Continued from “Demon”

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Demon!Will and Will ;)

Chapter Notes

This is a continuation from the Halloween prompt fics Cross Roads and Demon. Definitely read those before, or it doesn’t make any sense.

“Alana Bloom kissed me.”

Hannibal watched Will throw his jacket onto his chair after dusting the snow off it before sauntering past him towards his dining room.

“Well, come in,” he muttered, wishing not for the first time that the demon would show some human manners.

“You have a guest,” Will said after entering the room, seeing the unfinished plates.

“A colleague,” he answered vaguely, closing the open patio door.

He turned around and saw Will lifting his head with closed eyes, scenting the air.

“Tobias Budge,” he said after a moment, a sour expression appearing on his face. Of course the demon would know him. He’d shown before that he knew most of the killers or wanna be killers in town, a talent that came with being a demon.

Hannibal didn’t comment when he went towards the kitchen to get the desserts out of the oven.

“Why did Alana kiss you? Or rather, why did you let her? I was not aware of any interest towards her.” He decided to examine his unease with this development at a later time when the demon retired to wherever he spent his time when he wasn’t pretending to be Will Graham.

“Will wanted to,” he casually said while making himself comfortable in Hannibal’s armchair.

Hannibal arched an eyebrow. The demon rarely mentioned the actual owner of his body. He hadn’t been sure if the man was still in there at all.

“Is that so? How much of a say does he have in your actions then?”

Will stretched his legs in front of him, hands on his stomach.

“Once I got him over his boring morals and to embrace his darkness, Will turned out exactly as I thought he would. He has some surprisingly exciting ideas for a human and his suggestions are delightful. I let him out at night usually to play with his dogs, while I do business down under.”

Hannibal listened fascinated while he stirred the dessert sauce. It’s the most the demon had ever revealed about himself and his companion.

“Do you want to meet him? I’m sure you two would get along splendidly.”

Hannibal paused.

Will’s eyes were dancing with amusement. He probably knew that Hannibal had wanted to meet the *real* Will since he got to know he existed.

From one moment to the next, the room temperature dropped significantly. Hannibal often forgot how unnatural it was supposed to feel being in the same room with the otherworldly being.

Will had almost deflated, his posture suddenly sagged and turned in itself, making him appear at least an inch shorter. His eyes flitted through the kitchen, taking everything in in an almost nervous manner until they landed on Hannibal.

“Hello, Will,” he said, keeping his voice soft and gentle. He wondered how it felt to be trapped in your own body without being in control. Hannibal was sure he wouldn’t be able to endure it for very long.

“Hi,” the man said after a moment. Even his voice sounded slightly different. Less intimidating.

“I have a dessert to offer after my earlier guest left in a rush, if you are amenable to it?”

“Are you planning on killing Budge?” Will asked instead, straightening his stance and putting his hands into his pockets. He seemed to have recovered from the shock of suddenly standing in Hannibal’s kitchen.

Hannibal considered the question, amused to realize that Will was indeed just as rude as the demon themselves.

“He knows who I am and is therefore an unacceptable threat to my identity and life. Especially after tonight where I made it clear that there will be no friendship and companionship between us.” He picked up the plates and moved back to the dining room. The snow was still falling heavily outside.

Will followed after a moment, seating himself on Budge’s chair, pushing the cold main course to the side.

“Your food is amazing, you know?” he said, digging into the sweet dessert.

Hannibal stared for a moment.

“I gather you’re not bothered by the main ingredient in most of my dishes?”

Will snorted. “Oh please. I’m riding alongside a demon for a decade now. A little bit of human flesh can’t shock me. Besides your cooking is brilliant, I doubt I would mind even if I weren’t used to more extreme things.”

Hannibal couldn’t help but smile at that. It was always nice to hear compliments, no matter how crude they’ve been offered.

“Even *they* like it and they’re not of the sort to easily like things that aren’t terrible and painful.”

Hannibal chewed slowly.

“I must ask, how does it feel to live with them?”

Will sighed and rolled his eyes, which were a remarkable blue now that the demon didn’t darken them with their presence.

“How do I feel? Really? Always hated psychiatrists.”

“And yet you wanted to meet me. If I remember correctly, that is.”

That earned him a scowl.

“You were an interesting one, before you turned boring.”

“Am I still boring?”

Will grinned. “Not since I had the idea to bring you into the FBI and investigate crimes along the best of the BAU, no.”

Hannibal returned the smile. Such a cunning boy. He could see why the demon truly seemed to appreciate Will’s company.

“Where do you think you would be without the demon’s intervention?”

Will leaned back, having finished his plate.

“I actually would be exactly where I am today. I’d be just enjoying it way less than I do right now.”

“You don’t feel any remorse or regret over the things you are doing with them? The lives you take?”

“Do you?”

Hannibal answered with a smile. “Touché. May I tempt you to a glass of wine in front of the fireplace?”

“Temptation accomplished. I must say your company is as nice as it feels through their mind.”

They retreated into Hannibal’s study, a comfortable silence between them. He had to admit that he enjoyed the less intense interaction with this Will. It was a refreshing change, but Will didn’t need to know that.

“I have to say there are remarkable similarities between interacting with you or the demon.”

Will had stretched out on his opulent sofa, feet threatenly close to his glass table, drinking his wine in too large sips.

“Yeah, sometimes it gets hard to separate us anymore. Oftentimes it feels as if I’m running the body while it’s actually them, or us both together, or maybe we’re starting to become one. I get glimpses of their memories and what they’ve experienced. They’re quite old, you know? Though time doesn’t mean the same to them, so who the fuck knows. I think no demon has ever stayed in a human body this long before, especially with said human being alive for the ride. A true experiment with God’s creations.”

Hannibal wondered if one day the human would become the demon or the demon would become the human. He felt truly fortunate to witness this development. Maybe in the end the demon wouldn’t collect his soul, but simply ask him to join them and Will. He would do so gladly.

Continued from “Witch Brew”

Chapter Summary

Beverly has some work to do and Bedelia isn't too happy.

Chapter Notes

This is a continuation from the Halloween prompt fic Witch Brew. Definitely read before this, or it doesn’t make any sense.

“I can’t believe he made you eat your own leg.”

“Shut it and help me,” Bedelia ordered, her face pale but determined.

Beverly hurried to support her from the chair in the dining room to the kitchen. It was a slow march, Bedelia on one leg, clinging to her and the IV stand attached to her arm.

“Do you think they’ll come back?”

“No, they made their point. The leg was the punishment for trying to run and sending hints towards Crawford in Italy and most of all for not being Will Graham, while Will Graham punished me for running off with his husband in the first place.”

“I could feel Will’s gloating through the whole ether,” Beverly almost giggled and sometimes Bedelia wondered why she put up with this truly exasperating witch for so long now.

Beverly carefully placed her on one of the kitchen chairs and started the process to reassemble the scattered woman.

“How much of the wolfsbane again?”

“Two ounces, dear gods, woman, concentrate, you’re playing with my body. And hand me a glass of wine. With the bottle,” Bedelia groused. You’d think they’d never done this before, seriously.

Beverly rolled her eyes and complied. Bedelia could be ice cold when she was missing a body part and she definitely didn’t want her to be sober once the regrowth started.

When Beverly had woken up from her splicing adventure with Hannibal, she’d already been back whole and well. Thank all Gods for that small blessing and Bedelia for showing mercy.

She wouldn't have put it past her to wake her before it was finished as punishment for not listening to her and getting into the Wendigo's way.

"I never understood why you went with him to Italy anyway to be honest. You knew he was a Wendigo; you knew you'd just replace Will and he had expectations you couldn't dream to fulfill. Why risk a terrible death where I couldn't reach you and save you in time."

Bedelia hummed and downed her current glass.

"Because we needed to keep an eye on him if we ever wanted to succeed. And I still can't believe we managed to get him into jail just so Will Graham could get him out again. My plan was perfect. How all this ended *your* way, I have no idea."

"Awww, Delia. You should know true love between soulmates will always win. Even if it's between a Wendigo in a completely unnatural relationship with a simple man."

A third glass followed while Beverly chopped up some chicken legs.

"I'm quite sure Will Graham won't stay a "simple man" for very long and that, my dear, should truly terrify you."

Beverly hummed, adding some blue lotus to the bubbling liquid.

"I'm far more concerned about what will happen to Alana and her family. Do you think they will hunt them down? Margot has almost unending funds, but even that can't help them against supernatural forces forever."

"It's their own fault for not keeping to themselves. Alana should have stopped when she still had the chance. Hannibal's told me about some of the things that happened that night and Alana shouldn't have been brave."

Beverly sighed.

"It was a terrible bloodbath. You should have seen it. So much blood. The pain still lingering in the air.

"You should have brought some. You know we're always tight on blood for some of the spells."

Beverly glared. The alcohol was clearly working on reducing Bedelia's limited empathy even more.

"What. I did not turn 865 last month because of my overflowing love for human beings kept me alive. Now hurry, the IV is empty and soon this will really hurt."

"Yes, yes, I know, now let me work or this will take even longer."

The gas flames hissed and the sharp smell of the boiling potion wafted into the air when the front door gave an audible bang. Both of them froze.

“Oh my Gods what happened to you Aunt Delia?!”

“Kid, what have we told you about walking outside in the open?” Beverly growled.

“Your fathers happened,” Bedelia snapped. “Now close your mouth and bring me another bottle of wine.”

“They were here?” Abigail asked quietly.

“Wine!” Bedelia snapped.

Abigail hurried out of the kitchen and Beverly sighed.

“Sometimes I really wonder how anybody can mistake you for anything but a witch.”

“Everyone likes to ignore the obvious things when they don’t fit into their world view. How long till the brew is finished?”

“OH MY GODS DID HANNIBAL COOK YOUR LEG?”

“DON’T EAT IT!” Beverly shouted back across three rooms.

Bedelia pinched her nose with two fingers.

“What did I do to deserve this?”

“Almost done now, no worries. You’ll be brand new in a few minutes.” Beverly singsang.

She filled a huge mug with the brown broth and carried it carefully across the room.

“Do you want to lie down somewhere?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Go check on that baby witch you picked out of a sea of blood and make sure she doesn’t eat my leg, no matter how good it smells. A Wendigo-Witch hybrid is the last thing we want.”

Beverly cackled and left the room, just to appear back a moment later. “Wait, does that mean you’ll turn into a...,”

“No! Now go!”

Beverly found Abigail seated where Will had been sitting just an hour ago.

“Do you miss them?” Beverly asked and sat next to her. Damn, it really still smelled good in here.

The young girl sighed and looked pensive.

“I don’t think so,” she finally said. “While I appreciate what Will tried to do and what Hannibal did, it was a hard time for me and I am glad it’s over. Being their daughter was a dream for another girl. She died in Hannibal’s kitchen.”

Beverly nodded. Abigail had to grow up too soon and in the worst possible way. Sometimes she wondered if she'd done her a favour by carrying her out of that place to save her life or if it wouldn't have been kinder to leave her dead next to Will.

A glass crashed in the kitchen and Beverly stopped Abigail from jumping up with a hand on her arm.

"Leave her. The process isn't pretty and she wants to be alone for it."

Abigail didn't look convinced. "She's gonna be fine?"

"Of course she will! It's my brew and it will work perfectly."

"You both have needed it before?" There was open curiosity now and Beverly knew she'd be an awesome witch.

"Oh, you have no idea! The stories I could tell you!"

"Which you won't."

Both turned towards Bedelia standing in the doorframe on both of her legs. She was still pale, but her face showed no sign of pain anymore.

"Oh pleaaase! I bet you have the BEST stories!"

Abigail turned on the "young teenage girl begging for something look with her puppy eyes" to the full, but she definitely tried it on the wrong person in the room. Beverly kicked her under the table.

"And YOU won't tell her anything either. She will learn from the books we give her, not from the stories you spin."

Beverly and Abigail pouted.

Bedelia glared at them before turning around and striding down the hallway.

"Have I told you, you look amazing in that dress!?" Beverly called after her.

Bedelia made a rude gesture and Abigail giggled.

"Lecter always had good taste at least," Beverly murmured.

For a moment they both were quiet before the laughs broke out of them.

Things were looking up for them now that the Wendigo had left town. They would pack up soon after, finding some warm place to recover from these last years of horrors.

Abigail had a lot to learn and Beverly couldn't wait to be able to leave the house again and show her the world with Bedelia in tow to constantly scold them.

Continued from “Trick or Treat”

Chapter Summary

Will returns to Lithuania.

Chapter Notes

This is a continuation from the Halloween prompt fic Trick or Treat. Definitely read before this, or it doesn’t make any sense.

Will stood in front of the crumbled castle with eyes wide in shock.

It’s just been a year. How could this have happened. The castle had been standing there for hundreds of years and looked stable and secure just last year, so how could it have decayed like that in just 12 months?

He’d spent most of his money to take this vacation and return to Lithuania for Halloween and now he felt incredibly stupid. Maybe Hannibal had been a fever dream, something he’d imagined tipsy and stuffed with food late at night. Or maybe he’d been real, but was gone forever now.

“You really were fascinated with this place,” one of his friends said, appearing next to him, the disapproval clear in her voice.

“Yeah, maybe. I can’t believe I came back to find it like this. Do you know what happened?”

“Some rich woman from Japan bought it. One day there were lots of trucks in front of it, taking everything out of the house that was still worth something. Rumours are the interior was a treasure worth a fortune. Almost untouched, lots of valuable stuff to be found. Paintings, furniture, jewellery, books and whatever. The night after they were done it just collapsed. Like someone cut the strings off a puppet.”

Will frowned, feeling inexplicably cold and alone suddenly.

His friend sighed deeply as if in defeat. “Some of the stuff is displayed in the city hall gallery if you want to see it?”

He arrived at the gallery about 10 minutes later, sweaty and out of breath. His friend had shouted some profanities after him and went her own way.

What he thought to find there was a mystery even to him. Hannibal wouldn't just stand there in the gallery between paintings and vases and wait for him.

Will still felt a stab of disappointment when he stepped into the wide hall and there was no sign of him.

It turned out to be an exhibition of almost everything Will had seen only glances of during his few hours in the castle. Carpets, tapestries, vases, books, portraits, even cutlery.

He was drawn to the portraits and soon found Hannibal in the various stages of his life. The toddler, sitting on a chair wearing something that looked like a frilly dress; the family portrait with his regal looking parents. There was a little sister in one of the last paintings and then finally Hannibal as a small boy of about 8 years old.

It was dated to 1941 and a cold shiver worked its way up his spine.

Will couldn't turn his eyes off of the young kid staring down at him. He was already looking a lot like the young man he'd met in the castle. Intense deep eyes, elegant face and rigid stance.

Someone appeared next to him and he tensed at the closeness.

"The Lecter family has a truly remarkable history. This one was the eighth wearing that name."

Will threw a short glance to his right and saw a young japanese woman next to him, looking up at the painting. She was young, maybe even younger than him. Her thin frame was still, hands behind her back, face devoid of emotion. She must be the one who bought the castle.

"Were there portraits of his older years? He looks familiar to me and I could swear I know him at an older age. About twenty or so?"

"No, you must mistake him for someone else. Hannibal Lecter died with his family when he was eleven years old after some sovjet soldiers found the family's hideout in the Lithuanian forests."

"Oh."

"Is your name Will?"

He turned his head and frowned at her.

"Yes, how do you know? Have we met?"

"Just a guess. I have been told to expect you."

"What? How? Who….."

"I want to gift you with this portrait."

Will stared.

“What? But you don’t know me. Why would you just give this to me? It must be worth a lot.”

“It is nothing. Do not question me.” She threw him a cold look as if he had deeply offended her.

He gaped at her when she turned around and swiftly left the room.

When a mean looking security guy approached him, he still hadn’t moved. The man took down the painting and left him alone again. Will felt lost. He had no idea what the hell was going on right now.

The guard came back a few minutes later, the painting rolled up in a sturdy looking pipe-like packaging. He pushed it against Will’s chest and turned around without saying a word.

Will didn’t know how long he stood there before he finally jerked out of his stupor. He clutched the painting to his chest and went towards his hotel room, shoes splattering through deep puddles, a drizzle dampening his hair.

It was Halloween and his hotel had been tastefully decorated for the few tourists in town. The smell of fresh coffee wafted through the lobby and he ordered one up to this room. He was cold.

He’d kept his trip a secret, wanting to surprise his friends, but it had backfired spectacularly, because all of them had plans they couldn’t and wouldn’t cancel, so he would have a quiet night here in his room and watch something on Netflix or so.

With a whiskey in hand and wrapped in some blankets it wasn’t too bad to stay in the hotel and Will got comfortable on the couch. He’d put on the fireplace endless stream and with all the lights switched off could almost pretend to be back in the castle last year.

That’s how he woke up. His whiskey glass had been put on the side table and the blankets were pulled up to his chin. And he was not alone.

“Hannibal?” he murmured sleepily, voice rough. How long had he slept?

“Hello Will.”

Hannibal sounded soft and slightly amused and hearing his voice finally woke up Will completely. He sat up.

“You’re here,” he stated dumbly.

“I am. More or less.” He seemed amused over his own joke, but right now Will was too shocked to appreciate it.

“I really thought I’d imagined everything. That you were just a figment of my imagination.”

“In a way, I am. Not everyone is able to see me, or hear me. You are very special.”

Will blushed.

“I’m sorry about the castle,” he said to distract himself from his hot face.

Hannibal gave a miniscule wave with his hand. “After all this time it was a mere hull. There was no life in those old and cold walls. I am very glad you visited me there last year. You showed me that maybe it’s time to leave.”

Will glanced at the painting still on his table.

“Smart boy. The painting contains my essence, so to speak. I don’t know how it works, or why.”

Will shook his head. There were so many weird things in this universe, so why shouldn’t there be ghosts as well?

“Did the woman who bought the castle help you?”

“Her name is Chiyoh and yes, she helped. She grew up with my uncle and his wife and learned about the family history through them.”

Will cocked his head and stared at Hannibal, his easy posture, relaxed face, slightly curled fingers against the arm rest. The fire cast deep shadows across his face.

Hannibal was anxious, Will realized. He was here and not with his extended family; here with Will. And he expected to be left behind.

“Will you only be visible during night hours on Halloween? Or will I see you more often?”

Hannibal didn’t show any outward signs, but the relief was palpable. It made Will almost giddy.

“I am working on being more active outside of ghost hours. I have found some ways to help me gain strength. I think we will have to test them carefully and subtle so we don’t raise suspicions.”

Will lifted an eyebrow. He wasn’t sure he wanted to know exactly what Hannibal needed to do in order to gain the upper hand in the physical world. Maybe he should talk to that Chiyoh. She seemed to be informed and in contact with Hannibal outside of “ghost hours”. But that could wait.

“How much do you know about the world outside these days? A lot has happened since you lived.” And died. But Will didn’t say that. There was enough time to ask the difficult questions if Hannibal wanted to talk about everything.

Hannibal leaned forward, almost eager.

“It will be my pleasure to listen to you talk about the world. Maybe you can show it to me one day.” The smile on his face was almost predatory and dark. A hunter ready to find a new hunting ground.

Will shivered in excitement and wrapped the blankets tightly around himself to settle for a long night.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!